The
COMMONWEAL

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The Wage Question

IT HAS often been stated in these pages that the nation must prevent runaway inflation at all hazards. For not only people with fixed incomes but farmers, industrial and office workers, executives and professional men and women, housewives, everyone stands to lose by any serious monetary inflation. We have, therefore, consistently supported the maintenance of the Little Steel formula and other Administration war controls of wages and salaries for the common good. Meanwhile the cost of living has been slowly rising to a point where certain revisions of the formula seem called for.

Silk shirts were a symbol in the last war of factory workers' new estate, and the impression persists that American industrial workers generally are becoming fabulously rich. Evidence in individual cases is plentiful, while the wages asked by prospective employees in almost any occupation are obviously way above what they were before the war. Yet there are facts to contravene the over-all conclusion that America's workers are now being amply paid for their daily work. First of these is the wide range in the wages paid in our various industries. In the textile industry, where the rate is admittedly one of the lowest, the War Labor Board has recently ordered an increase to 55 cents an hour, or $28.80 for a 48-hour week. When social security and other charges are deducted, the "take-home" pay is still inadequate for the decent support of a family, particularly with food, rent and clothing prices at present levels. That is self-evident. And to a lesser and greater degree this situation is repeated in a number of other industries.

Estimates vary widely as to the rise in prices since early '42. Most conservative figures put the increase at 24 percent as compared with the 15 percent envisioned in the Little Steel formula; most organized labor estimates set the increase in living costs considerably higher. It is difficult to maintain in a war as tough as this one that civilian workers should make no sacrifices, that money wages should be held strictly parallel to increases in the cost of living. But those who flatly oppose wage adjustments appear to overlook a number of pertinent factors: the number of workers still badly underpaid in certain industries; the extension of the work week to 48 hours in many areas: the pace of many production lines and the consequent inability of many workers to keep up overtime week after week; observance of the no-strike pledge; the cut into the weekly pay envelope by social security, war stamp deductions, medical insurance and other charges. The relation between "take-home" pay and existing prices for family necessities is the salient point. On this basis many of the workers' demands for certain upward revisions of the wage formula are more than justified.

The Japanese Americans

AFTER more than six weeks during which it has been possible for Americans of Japanese ancestry to return to the West Coast, only about 500 of them have elected to do so. Out of 110,000 Japanese Americans originally placed in "relocation centers" 60,000 are still there. Why should this be the case? The War Relocation Authority tells us that those who have returned West have had a predominantly friendly reception "in spite of several isolated instances of threatened boycott and organized resistance." We are further told that "the evacuees, backed by the remarkable fighting record of the Army's 13,000 Nisei soldiers and the growing strength of organized groups friendly to their families, are showing no particular hesitancy about returning to any area because of unfriendly sentiment." Perhaps this is true, yet a statement of Mr. Dillon Myer, head of the War Relocation Authority, is disturbing. He describes the "limited antagonism" as "economic rather than racial," which sounds to us very much like bureaucratic double-talk. What on earth does he mean? People are antagonistic to them because of their Japanese blood and they show that antagonism by economic means. Does

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that make the antagonism any less racial? We are further informed that "delegates" from the various relocation centers "told Mr. Myer the remainder [of their fellow internees] fear to return to the outside world, lacking income and in the face of discrimination." It is not a record of which we can yet be proud.

The 1613

EARLY this year we took the *New Republic* to task for what we viewed and still view as a jibe at the Pope which appeared in their columns—a jibe coming with peculiar ill grace from a paper which describes itself as "liberal," since the occasion of the jibe was the Pope's expression of gratitude to various nations and peoples for their charity toward the destitute of this world. The *New Republic* later expressed itself as surprised at our attitude. Evidently their appalling preoccupation with politics has so blunted their sensibility that they have lost all human understanding and cannot see a forest of charity for the trees of political prejudice. What makes the whole situation peculiarly absurd is that we share with them many of their prejudices if very few of their policies.

For a long time now this same "liberal" organ has carried the advertising of certain violently anti-Catholic groups—particularly the group which publishes *The Protestant* and that which publishes *The Converted Catholic*. Both of these journals principally exist to attack the Catholic Church. This they do on a level not much higher than that of "Maria Monk" and the Ku Klux Klan. On a basis of half-truths and idiot-fringe fanaticism they reproduce, with a different object, the precise psychological atmosphere of Elders of Zion anti-Semitism. They see plots everywhere whereby the Pope would enslave the world. But the ultimate depth was reached when in the February 19 *New Republic* appeared a double-spread advertisement reproducing a declaration sponsored by Kenneth Leslie, *The Protestant's* editor. This declaration is entirely directed toward preventing the Pope from playing any part in the "council tables of the state." We are told that the Vatican "has thrown its weight into the scales of the present human struggle on the side of the enemies of democracy." Supposedly, 1613 Christian ministers signed this declaration, which ends as follows: "We therefore oppose any attempt under whatever formula to involve the free democratic states in any deal in which the Vatican State or its representatives, or the representatives of any Protestant or Jewish establishment of religion, has part or place, either as principal or mediator."

We ourselves believe that it would be unwise for any religious leaders to play a direct part in the settlement of the present conflict simply because we believe that their efforts would largely be vain and that they would be blamed for things for which they would not be responsible. But to object on the ground that the Holy See is fascist, rather than neutral—neutrality is indeed a most unpopular thing nowadays, as Switzerland and Sweden can testify—is not merely slander; it betrays a dangerous psychotic condition in the minds of persons who properly should play a rôle of constructive leaderhip in the American community.

The Senator from Nebraska

MR. HUGH BUTLER, Republican Senator from Nebraska, is not the most diplomatic of men, as was shown by his celebrated *Reader's Digest* article about what we are doing in Latin America. Yet he was recently asked one or two questions which admirably serve to underline the points made in our leading article this week. He has said that with regard to recent diplomatic events, the nation's legislators "cannot continue to operate in the dark on foreign policy," and he has called upon President Roosevelt and the State Department to give "a full accounting to the Congress . . . of what is actually taking place." In a remarkably candid statement to newspapermen, Senator Butler made it clear that minority groups within his constituency have been bringing pressure to bear on him and that he simply is not in a position to make up his own mind, because the information with which to do this is not available. Mr. Butler may not be an intellectual giant, and his plaintive request for information may seem a trifle naïve, but we believe that it serves a good purpose in that it helps to make clear to the American people the basic difficulty in our foreign policy machinery.

"The Russian Church"

ELSEWHERE in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL appears an article by Miss Helen Iswolsky describing the relation between the Orthodox Church and the Russian Government. Unwary readers might jump to the conclusion that Miss Iswolsky is telling us that from a *Catholic* point of view there is no longer any religious problem in Russia. This is, of course, far from the case. The opposition of the Orthodox Church to the Papacy before the Russian Revolution was almost as bitter—though not so violent in the last hundred years—as has been the opposition of the Soviet State to all religions. Hence the apparent reorientation of Soviet policy with regard to the Orthodox Church is something which our consciences require us to applaud as Christians but something which we must acknowledge does not improve the position of Catholics in Russia or relations between Russia and the Vatican.

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Comic Interlude

IN MANY provincial towns in Europe certain establishments are most unsuitably in the shade of the cathedrals. Unsuitably? One does not know. All that is extremely holy holds close to it all that is intensely evil; the pure, the impure. Gargoyles project from the cathedral itself; it is only when one is quite far from the cathedral in the business streets, on the avenue which leads to the railway station, on the broad, uninteresting avenue which celebrates the Republic or Victor Emmanuel, that there is neither purity nor impurity, nor extreme poverty nor wealth, but only the newspapers, the café, the benches in the shade of the trees, the cabs standing, people riding bicycles out to the country—no conflict, no tension.

Then, of course, there was Hugo trying to mix jokes with tragedy and from the spectator's point of view that was all right but there is no use asking the man involved in tragedy to appreciate the grotesque; the grotesque is always for the spectator. Hugo's jokes were not very funny; his theory was excellent but his jokes were not so good; nor really were Shakespeare's; certainly no one's jokes were as good as those we are placing now against the somber backdrop of the war. The soldiers never leave the stage of the war but we look away from the soldiers, or our attention wavers and we no longer for a moment see the soldiers and then the stage, which remains set for the war, and death is still and always upon it, is peopled suddenly with comedians, irresistably comic. They are comic only when we see them on the stage; the soldiers never see them; the soldiers are immersed in an action which is never comic; the comedians do not know at which moment we will be looking at them; they do not know at which moment they cease to be statesmen, foreign ministers, premiers, and become comedians. They are intent upon their serious business; speech after speech and no one—least of all themselves—would imagine that they were not serious men. Then, suddenly, one after another of them will make a speech just as serious as any of the countless speeches he has made before, and the speech will be irresistibly comic.

Simply because our attention has shifted from the soldiers, and there is this man speaking, only when we hear what he says we suddenly remember the soldiers, we remember the war, and everything he says becomes extremely comic. Or even when he is about to say something and is left there standing with nothing to say at all.

As in the case of Mr. Laughlin Currie who while negotiating with the Swiss government made a little trip to Schaffhausen, February 22, with the courteous purpose of laying wreaths on the graves of thirty-seven persons killed last year when American bombers made a slight mistake and dropped bombs on the wrong side of the frontier. Only, just a few moments before he reached Schaffhausen the American bombers returned and killed sixteen more Swiss so that the new graves were not ready and there were not enough wreaths anyway, and his speech would have had to be rewritten, so that Mr. Currie said he would tell President Roosevelt about it and so here was a speech that was funny without ever having been made and a serious diplomat who was a comedian without ever having wanted to become one.

The next day, February 23, no one interfered with the speeches in Ankara, Turkey. On that day Turkey declared war against Germany and Japan and the speeches said that it was a pleasant thought that this declaration of war coincided with the anniversary of the Red Army because of the ever friendly Turkish-Russian relations. And then the speeches said that Turkey was going into the war in order to prepare the peace; that there was a deadline, March 1, and that the nations who were at peace and were interested in preparing a world in which they might remain at peace must get into the war in order to get back into the peace and that if this sounded complicated there was a written memorandum delivered after Yalta by Sir Maurice Peterson, British Ambassador, which said just that—and also that similar notes had been delivered to Egypt, Iceland, Chile, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela—all of which nations were advised to seek the peace they had, by getting into a war they had not, in order to have peace and have it not. And so Prime Minister Shukru Saracoglu (whom the French used to call "glou-glou") who, for years, had traveled all over Europe being serious, seriously conferring, found himself acting broad farce.

The next day, February 24, in Cairo, there was no intermission between the moment of farce and the moment of tragedy. Premier Ahmed Maher Pasha read the royal decree declaring war and immediately was shot dead.

Which makes it three days running.

On February 25, Mr. Elmer Rice "in view of the outrageous action of Paul Moss" stated that he (Mr. Rice) no longer wished to serve on the same board with him (Mr. Moss)—the former with the latter. That was a row in New York about a play and censorship.

But on February 26 the farce continues. Syria, even though missing from Sir Maurice Peterson's list, declared war against Germany and Japan. President Shukri el Kuwatly spoke before the Chamber of Deputies in Damascus; a "brisk debate ensued"; a majority supported the government's bill declaring war.

As previously stated the soldiers have no time to observe the comedy which accompanies their war.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The United States and the World

The machinery of our foreign relations

Harry Lorin Binsse

THERE is a widely current myth which has it that the relations of our country to the other countries of the world depend upon a number of mysterious personages, little known to the American public, who work in one capacity or another for the Department of State. Of course there are one or two ounces of truth to this myth, as there is always some slight grain of truth in any myth. If our State Department personnel were to be recruited from the dregs of our citizenry, naturally things would go very badly—indeed infinitely worse than they go at present. It is always desirable that the personnel of any government department be of high calibre—of the highest calibre obtainable. But any candid observer of the Washington scene, any person who seeks to understand our history above the level of partisanship, sooner or later comes to the conclusion that no matter how good the personnel of our State Department, no matter how able the President of the United States (who is always the real moulder of our foreign relations unless he delegates the task), there are certain things about our system of handling relations with other nations which automatically push us in an isolationist direction and which are automatically likely to lessen the weight of our influence in the world.

There is no need, at this late date, of going through the old "interventionist *vs.* isolationist" argument. Events have made the argument academic. No one who contemplates the spectacle of a superfortress or a jet-propulsion plane can possibly argue for traditional isolationism. The problem, rather, is whether the machinery of our government allows us to be wisely interventionist—or, to use a much better phrase, wisely and actively to participate in the world's affairs.

What, in practice, does the United States do in the world as a whole? The thing we are currently doing best—or at least most effectively—is to fight and to supply others with the wherewithal to fight in every quarter of the globe. This we are doing magnificently, and this we are all eager to cease doing at the very earliest opportunity. On the political level, our President consults with our two principal allies and in his consultations is completely in charge of what commentators like to call our "foreign policy." I am not particularly concerned here with whether the President's management of our foreign affairs is good, bad or indifferent. I happen to think that it is as good and skilful as it could be, given a very difficult set of circumstances. But that, let me repeat, is completely beside the point of this article. What worries me is precisely what worries a great many other Americans. When we come to a showdown, will we live up to the commitments which, by implication at least, the President cannot avoid making when he speaks with the responsible heads of other nations? Is he, to use a blunter phraseology, actually the responsible head of the United States Government when it comes to our relations with other countries?

The answer, of course, is that he is not. Without Senate ratification, of which the President can never be sure, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta are no more than words, in no way bind us. The Constitution very clearly states the matter. The President "shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls . . ." As we shall see later on in this article, this provision consciously and purposely abandoned the famous theory of the division of governmental functions, which we so slavishly adopted from Montesquieu's somewhat superficial analysis of the British Constitution, because the framers of our Constitution felt that the treaty-making power was different from all other powers and must be lodged in *both* the Executive and the Legislative.

But, a *PM* reader might ask, what about the State Department? Surely it is the government body charged with handling our foreign affairs. True enough, but only as a sort of glorified secretariat for the President. Thus since the President is *not* the responsible head of our government with regard to foreign affairs—he is so only subject to the advice and consent of the Senate—the State Department has even less genuine responsibility. It can safely act only on the most routine matters. Consider, for instance, the definition of the duties of the Secretary of State (leaving aside his functions as a sort of Federal county clerk). This definition has remained substantially unchanged since Congress created the office less than two years after the adoption of the Constitution.

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> The Secretary of State shall perform such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or intrusted to him by the President relative to correspondences, commissions and instructions to or with public ministers or consuls from the United States, or to negotiations with public ministers from foreign states or princes, or to memorials or other applications from foreign public ministers or other foreigners, or to such other matters respecting foreign affairs as the President of the United States shall assign to the department, and he shall conduct the business of the department in such manner as the President shall direct.

Clearly it is only when a president gives a secretary his head that the secretary has any real voice in the management of our affairs. This, of course, has happened, and has happened often. But even when the president does give his secretary a certain authority, that authority is still subject to persuading two-thirds of the Senators present when ratification time comes around.

The result, in effect, is to deprive the State Department of everything except a nebulous prestige of seniority. To use a rather brutal analogy, the Government of the United States in its foreign relations resembles some huge corporation in which the sales and credit departments are never allowed to meet—except in the men's room (I refer to Mr. Hull's admirably intentioned policy of off the record talks with groups of Senators). Under such conditions even liberal-minded men turn cautious and hence conservative.

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How did such a situation come to be? The answer is twofold. At the time when our Constitution was framed, the United States had no visible need for a foreign policy, except in the broadest possible terms of protecting our national self-interest and avoiding attack from abroad. For we must understand at once that there is a great difference between having a careful, considered foreign policy—something we desperately need as a nation in the modern world—and merely equating foreign affairs with "trade and navigation," a phrase Jay uses in the Federalist papers dealing with this subject. There was no reason in 1787—and for many years thereafter—why we should have a foreign policy. All we needed to do was provide a machinery whereby we could protect our foreign trade, observe the international amenities, and occasionally negotiate a specific treaty to meet a specific need. This is precisely the machinery which the Constitution provides, and provides fairly adequately. It is not the machinery which meets the requirements of the superfortress.

The second reason for the present situation is likewise historical. The picture conceived in the minds of the framers of our Constitution was in some ways a very different picture from what the years have produced. This is particularly true with regard to the Senate. There can be little doubt that the Senate was intended to be that ideal legislative body which shall rise above the level of partisanship and which shall include only men of the highest ideals and character, chosen more for their intrinsic merit than for their popular appeal. The sad fact is that ever since man began to reflect on politics this ideal legislative body has haunted his dreams and has never been achieved. For egalitarians the equally sad fact is that the closest approximation of such a body has been reached under the hereditary principle—though it has only rarely been reached even under this principle, and the principle carries with it too many other risks to recommend it. The framers of the Constitution thought that by entrusting the election of Senators to the various State legislatures rather than to the electorate as a whole they could accomplish the desired result. Events showed that this also was an idle dream. The State legislatures were made up of politicians and their choices in time became rankly political. The direct election of Senators was the inevitable and proper result. But when the Constitution was amended to effect this, it was forgotten that the whole notion of the two-thirds rule for the ratification of treaties was based on the appointative nature of the Senatorial office and the (supposedly) higher calibre of the men selected for that office. Let us again quote from Jay's Federalist essay (Number 64):

> The power of making treaties is an important one, especially as it relates to war, peace and commerce; and it should not be delegated but in such a mode, and with such precautions, as will afford the highest security that it will be exercised by men the best qualified for the purpose and in the manner most conducive to the public good.

Such men, Jay believed, would be precisely those sent to the Senate by the State legislatures, for

> their attention and their votes will be directed to those men only who have become the most distinguished by their abilities and virtue, and in whom the people perceive just grounds for confidence.

This special nobility of character, this lack of partisanship, it was likewise assumed, would apply to the President also. For he was to be selected, not by popular vote, but by the Electoral College. The inference, therefore, was:

> that the President and Senators so chosen will always be of the number of those who best understand our national interests, whether considered in relation to the several States or to foreign nations; who are best able to promote those interests, and whose reputation for integrity inspires and merits confidence. With such men the power of making treaties may be safely lodged.

Men of the calibre described by Jay certainly exist, and in the ideal republic—as the Pope pointed out in his recent Christmas message—they would form an ideal legislature. But people do not work that way. And since it seems to be impossible to obtain a legislative body of the sort the framers of the Constitution envisioned, we

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must be content with what we have—which is certainly better than what their scheme in practice would have given us: a lot of superannuated political hacks rewarded in their old age by State solons for a life of utter devotion to the locally predominant political party.

But the two-thirds rule was indissolubly linked in the minds of the framers with the kind of ideal Senate they expected to result from their system. Hence fears were expressed of the two-thirds tyrannizing over the one-third, rather than of the one-third tyrannizing the two-thirds—which is the way the thing historically has worked. In logic, therefore, the two-thirds rule should have been abolished when direct elections of Senators were instituted. Naturally political developments are never so logical as that, but the illogicality of the two-thirds rule is all the more blatant in the light of history. Not only does it work badly in practice; it is not now true to the spirit of the Constitution.

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Thus two historical tendencies have reinforced each other in making our machinery for foreign relations inadequate: technological development (which has made the world one to an extent it never has been before) and a basic change in the concept of the Senate, if not of the Presidency. Some have suggested that the remedy is not merely to change the two-thirds rule, but to invest the treaty-making power in the whole Legislative—Senate and House—by a simple majority vote, of course leaving the President a party to this power. The same suggestion had been made in the course of the discussions which produced the Constitution, and it seems to me that the arguments which then prevailed against this notion are still valid. It was held that foreign affairs require a certain amount of special knowledge and ability and maturity. That was one reason for setting a minimum age for Senators. It was a reason for staggering their terms of office, so that at no time could there be a wholly new and inexperienced Senate. As Jay stated it, a "popular assembly" was no place in which to determine such matters, since it is properly made up of "members constantly coming and going in quick succession," unsuited to consider "objects which require to be steadily contemplated in all their relations and circumstances." I do not view this objection to House participation as overwhelming, but it does seem to me cogent and worth consideration.

What then can be done to make our handling of foreign affairs more efficacious, to make us able to row our full oar in the world's boat? I should like to suggest a far simpler change than I have seen suggested elsewhere, based on the word *advice* as it appears in the Constitutional formula . . . "He shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate . . ." This word has gradually lost all its meaning. When a treaty is submitted to the Senate in actual practice, we find it prefaced with the following extraordinary formulary: "With a view to receiving the advice and consent of the Senate to ratification I transmit herewith a treaty between the United States of America and ————, signed at Washington on ————, relating to . . . etc." This formulary is signed by the President. Obviously the word *advice* is utterly meaningless as it is here used and merely serves to clutter up the language.

That this was not the original intention of the framers of the Constitution is perfectly clear. First of all, a primary meaning of the word *advice* for the last five centuries, as defined by the New English Dictionary, is "Opinion given or offered as to action, counsel." Secondly Jay himself clearly infers that the President would seek the Senate's advice on occasion. No one expected that the Senate would actually *negotiate* treaties; that would have been impractical in the extreme, but on important issues the President would seek the Senate's advice. How else could he be reasonably sure of the Senate's consent?

> Those matters which in negotiations usually require the most secrecy and the most dispatch are those preparatory and auxiliary measures which are not otherwise important in a national view than as they tend to facilitate the attainment of the objects of the negotiation. For these the President will find no difficulty to provide; and should any circumstance occur which requires the advice and consent of the Senate, he may at any time convene them.

If the constitutional requirement of the Senate's advice as well as its consent be taken at its face value, why cannot a mere act of the Legislative change the status of the Secretary of State? For the same reasons as those given by Hamilton, I do not suggest that by constitutional amendment the President be made subject to interrogation by the Senate. This would indeed reduce his authority and affect his position as Chief Executive. But that the Secretary of State should be made subject to interrogation, under reasonable secrecy, it seems to me would vastly clarify the whole atmosphere of our foreign relations and would, in itself, tend to give us an adequate machinery for these relations. It would at last put the credit and sales departments formally in touch with each other. It might at first produce a few damaging leaks on the part of irresponsible Senators, but I cannot be persuaded that our Senate is less capable of developing a sense of responsibility in this particular than the British House of Commons, especially since the highest interests of our nation would be at stake. It would be better, I believe, to go even a step further, and make the Secretary of State dismissible, perhaps by a two-thirds vote of the Senate rather

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than by a mere majority. But even if this latter change could not be effected, a formal relationship between the Secretary of State and the Senate would make it possible for the President really to know the temper of the Senate, and cut his suit to fit his cloth.

The objection may be raised that this would undermine the "separation of powers." But it should always be remembered that with regard to the management of foreign affairs the Constitution itself, as I have pointed out, violated this doctrine. And that this violation was conscious is indicated by a little-remembered passage of Hamilton's in the Federalist (Number 75):

> The particular nature of the power of making treaties indicates a peculiar propriety in that union [of the President and the Senate]. Though several writers on the subject of Government place that power in the class of executive authorities, yet this is evidently an arbitrary disposition; for, if we attend carefully to its operation, it will be found to partake more of the legislative than of the executive character, though it does not seem strictly to fall within the definition of either of them. The essence of the legislative authority is to enact laws, or, in other words, to prescribe rules for the regulation of the society; while the execution of the laws and the employment of the common strength, either for this purpose or for the common defense, seem to comprise all the functions of the executive magistrate. The power of making treaties is plainly neither the one nor the other. It relates neither to the execution of the subsisting laws, nor to the enaction of new ones, and still less to an exertion of the common strength. Its objects are CONTRACTS with foreign nations, which have the force of law, but derive it from the obligations of good faith. They are not rules prescribed by the sovereign to the subject, but agreements between sovereign and sovereign. The power in question seems, therefore, to form a distinct department, and to belong, properly, neither to the legislative nor to the executive. The qualities elsewhere detailed as indispensable in the management of foreign negotiations point out the Executive as the most fit agent in these transactions; while the vast importance of the trust, and the operation of treaties as laws, plead strongly for the participation of the whole or a portion of the legislative body in the office of making them.

This analysis of Hamilton's not only seems to me brilliant, but is something on which we all should reflect as we contemplate the absolute necessity for a change in our setup. What I suggest is (1) the abolition of the two-thirds rule, requiring a constitutional amendment, (2) the making of the Secretary of State subject to questioning by the Senate in secret session and (3) the making of this same cabinet officer dismissible by the Senate, while leaving his nomination in the hands of the President. The last two changes, I believe, and some constitutional lawyers believe also, could be accomplished by a simple act of Congress.

The Russian Church

What the Patriarch means to Russia

Helen Iswolsky

THE REESTABLISHMENT of the traditional structure of the Russian Church under the form of the Patriarchate gives a final expression to the strong religious and national trends manifested by the Russian people during their struggle against Hitler. And this resurrection of ecclesiastical authority in the USSR has further significance inasmuch as it has brought the Russian Church into the spotlight, and has, perhaps for the first time in history, offered material for headlines throughout the world.

Already the election of Metropolitan Sergius to the patriarchal throne in September, 1943, was an event of considerable importance, but the full meaning of the revival of the Russian hierarchy was really conveyed to the world at large in February, 1945, when, following Sergius's death, Metropolitan Alexis was elected in his place. This reaffirmation of the Russian Church as a strong religious body came somewhat as a surprise to Western observers. For many centuries this Russian Church led a secluded existence; it was, in a way, shrouded in mystery, the veil being only occasionally lifted by Russia's religious thinkers. But in the pages of Dostoievsky or Berdyaev, dealing with Russian Orthodoxy, we discover the sources of Russian mysticism and not the historical background. Considering recent events, it seems important to turn to this historical background and to look for the hidden springs which were at work throughout the ages in order to preserve Russian religious dynamism.

As we have said, the Russian Church has led a secluded existence. After having received Christianity from Byzantium, the Russian people did not remain long under the sway of the Greek hierarchy. The young Russian Church manifested its own original traits, its own conception of ethical and ascetic life. Some of the first Russian

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saints, venerated by the people of Kiev, were not willingly canonized by the Greek hierarchy, because they did not offer the usual characteristics of sanctity, such as it was conceived in Constantinople. The fact that the Russians were given not the Greek, but the Slavonic liturgy, and that they received the Slavonic Gospel, introduced by Saints Cyril and Methodius, led to a gradual estrangement of the Russian Orthodox from their Greek brethren. After the Council of Florence, the Russian Church rejected union with Rome, to which the Greek had subscribed. The fall of Constantinople was viewed by Moscow as a punishment inflicted by God on a people which had abjured the true faith. It was at that time that a Russian monk, writing to the great Prince Vassily, declared that his country had replaced Byzantium as the guardian of Orthodoxy, and that Moscow was henceforth the "Third Rome."

This statement, which may sound as an extreme expression of religious and national pride, is precisely to be explained by the fact of Russia's prolonged isolation from the outer world: for a century and a half, the Russian Church had been cut off by the Mongol invasion, not only from the Western world, but even from Byzantium. There was not so much a superiority complex as that of self-defense and self-assertion bred by the Russian Church's resistance against the infidels, i.e., the Mongol invaders. There was also the rarified atmosphere of a world deprived for over 150 years of the cultural and spiritual nourishment offered to the rest of Europe by the great medieval schools and universities. And yet the very fact that religious life in Russia, or what was at that time named "Moskovia," had to be sustained and developed without the aid of the outer world, without the support of scholars or theologians, led to certain results of considerable importance: the Russian Church jealously preserved that which it had received before the Mongol invasion: dogma, as expressed in the *credo*, liturgy in its purest and loftiest form, and patriotic tradition, which was to remain the essential basis of its teaching. In this way, the Russian hierarchy had saved the faith of its people; it had not only guarded them against the infidels, it had also, after the liberation of Russia from the Mongols, preserved Orthodoxy from the deep spiritual crisis brought about in the West by the Reformation. It seems to us necessary to recall these facts, because they also explain today the survival of the Russian Church throughout the years of revolution and persecution by the Bolshevik Godless. Here once more, it was the liturgical life of the Russian Church and its deep attachment to the patristic tradition it had lived upon so long that saved Russia from atheism and materialism. It has often been stated that Russian spiritual life was inevitably doomed, because, since October, 1917, all her seminaries have been closed, or because Soviet children had been unable to receive religious instruction. But those who drew these hasty conclusions (and among them certain Catholics, who should have recalled the supernaturally active character of liturgical life) failed to take into consideration this peculiar, ever-enduring instinct of self-preservation of the Russian Church. That this is so has been sufficiently proved by the rapid restoration of ecclesiastical authority in Russia during recent months. To explain this as solely due to "expediency" or to the "subservience" of the Russian Church to the State, is to convert a deeply organic process into a mechanical operation. All those who are sincerely hoping for a reunion with our separated brothers should waive these superficial interpretations and look into the facts which lie below the surface. They will then grasp that the solemn ceremonies which have taken place in Moscow in order to confer upon Metropolitan Alexis the staff of the Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, reflected that which is strongest and most undying, not only in the history of the Russian Church, but in the history of the Russian nation.

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In fact, the very existence of the Russian patriarchate is closely linked to Russia's creative forces. It did not express subservience to the State; the Patriarchate was in itself a factor in the building up of the State, or more correctly of the building up of the nation.

When we speak of the historical importance of the Russian patriarchate in Russia, we should consider it as the final expression of religious authority in Russia, which actually existed long before it. The first Patriarch was elected in Russia as late as 1589. But there had always existed in Russia, since the days when the Russian Church gained its independence from Byzantium, a central figure representing the high religious authority; this was the Metropolitan of a city playing the leading political rôle, like Kiev, or later Wladimir (to be destroyed by the Mongols) and finally Moscow. In fact it was when Metropolitan Peter, one of Russia's greatest prelates, transferred his seat to Moscow, in the middle of the fourteenth century, that this city become not only politically but also spiritually, Russia's capital. Metropolitan Peter, who after his death was canonized by the Orthodox Church, requested that a shrine be dedicated to the Virgin, and predicted that if it were erected in Moscow and he were buried in its vaults, the city would become Russia's mightiest center. This is very typical of the authority conferred upon a city by the presence of the head of the religious hierarchy.

Concerning Russia's early Metropolitans, there is a curious legend preserved in ancient Russian

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scripts, dealing with the "White *Klobuk*" (the head-dress worn by Russian prelates and equivalent to the miter of Western bishops) belonging to the Metropolitan of Novgorod. This *klobuk,* so the story runs, had been presented by the Pope to the Patriarch of Byzantium, who had presented it to the Russian Metropolitan; but the Pope, thanks to a complicated plot, stole the *klobuk* back again, and a priest was sent from Novgorod to Rome to discover its hiding place and return it to Russia. This legend reflects the various phases of Rome's relations with the Eastern churches. First, it bestows a present on the Greek Patriarch (obviously before the schism); then it steals away the precious head-gear from the Russian prelate, who represents a Church fallen away from Rome. The Orthodox priest who goes to Rome discovers the intrigues and ruses used by the Pontiff to "snatch" the "White *Klobuk,*" and the whole legend reads like a story of adventure, with a number of fantastic episodes. But from this maze of folklore there emerges one interesting fact: the "White Klobuk" of a Russian Metropolitan was the symbol of such high authority that it was bestowed on him not only by the Patriarch of Constantinople, but indirectly by the head of the Western Church. There is in this extraordinary legend of the "klobuk" a *universal* note, which in later years, during the period of the Russian Church's isolation from the world, was to be more or less entirely lost.

★

To return to the history of the Russian hierarchy. We must recall the successor of Metropolitan Peter of Moscow, Alexis, who, like the saintly but shrewd Peter, was a nation-builder. It was Metropolitan Alexis, who together with Saint Sergius, the great Abbot of Radonezj, inspired Moscow with the spirit of resistance against the Mongols, and encouraged Prince Dmitry Donskoy to wage in 1378 the famous battle of Kulikovo which marked the beginning of the liberation of Russia from the yoke of the infidels. We have here the first concrete example of the cooperation of the Russian Church and of the Russian nation in resisting a foreign invader.

The establishment of the Patriarchate in Russia in 1589 took place with the solemn approval and blessing of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem and Antioch. These three great Eastern prelates accepted the Russian Patriarch as a "brother," but conceded him the fifth place among the hierarchy of Orthodox Church leaders. Moscow insisted that the second place be given to the Patriarch of all Russia, but this request was not granted.

The first Russian Patriarch was Iove (Jobe), former Metropolitan of Moscow; he was soon to become the victim of tragic events. These took place after the succession of the Riurikovitch dynasty was broken off and Russia entered into the period of interregnum and civil strife, known in Russian history as the "troubled times." When the false Demetrius, supported by the Poles, entered Russia, seized Moscow and was crowned Tsar, Patriarch Iove was deposed by the pretender and imprisoned in a monastery, where he died.

After the murder of the false Demetrius, the Russian ecclesiastical council in 1606 elected the second patriarch, Hermogen, former Metropolitan of Kazan, whose fate was also tragically linked with the "troubled times." A new pretender stirred civil war in Russia, and the Polish army commanded by King Sigismund crossed the Russian border. Moscow was besieged and conquered once more, but this time the capital was saved thanks to the powerful patriotic movement encouraged by Hermogen and the military leaders to whom the patriarch sent his blessing. Hermogen was captured by the Poles, before the latter had been finally defeated and driven out of Russia. The great prelate was kept as a hostage and died of hunger in 1612. But the men whom he had called to arms continued their struggle against the Poles under the leadership of two patriots, famous in Russian history: Prince Pojarsky, of ancient aristocratic stock, and Minine, a merchant, who organized a people's army on the Volga. They liberated Russia from the Poles, just as Prince Dmitry's armies had defeated the Mongols with the blessing of the Church two centuries earlier. This remarkable repetition of the religious and patriotic theme in Russian history has been stressed by Soviet leaders and writers; they place the Moscow metropolitans and Patriarchs, together with Saint Sergius and Prince Alexander Nevsky (the Saint and warrior who defeated the Swedes and Livonian Knights) in the pantheon of Russia's national heroes. Indeed, it is impossible to speak of national defense in Russia without recalling the words spoken of Patriarch Hermogen by one of his contemporaries: "He stands like an inflexible pillar amidst our Russian land, he stands alone against all, like a giant without weapons and without an army." And Hermogen's sermons and appeals calling the people of Moscow and of the Volga region to resistance are still the living expression of the noblest kind of patriotic feeling.

Nation-building was continued after Hermogen's tragic death by his successor, Patriarch Philaret, a nobleman who in the world had borne the name of Fedor *Romanoff;* when still a layman he had been married and had a son by the name of Michael, who was to become the first Tsar (by election) of the Romanoff dynasty.

Patriarch Philaret exercised a profound influence on State affairs; this influence was due to

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his exceptional position as father of the reigning Tsar. But it was also due to Philaret's brilliant gifts of statesmanship, thanks to which, Russia, whose political, economic and military structure had been deeply shaken during the "troubled years," recovered with remarkable rapidity. A hundred years had elapsed after the tragic death of Hermogen in a Polish prison-cell when Russia entered upon the period of deep transformation and flowering stimulated by Peter the Great.

Unfortunately, it was Peter the Great who committed the fatal error of suppressing the Patriarchate. His unbending will and uncompromising character could not tolerate an authority other than his own. Since the day of Philaret, there had been actually a duality of power in the Kremlin, and both Tsar and Patriarch were designated in official documents by the same word—*gossoudar*, i.e., *Lord*.

Peter broke the structure of the Russian Church, he replaced the patriarchate with a bureaucratic institution of Protestant pattern, the Holy Synod: it was this body which became subservient and actually satisfied the wishes of Peter as well as of the tsars who succeeded him. Indeed, after this deep structural reform, the Russian Church was turned into a state-institution; the Russian hierarchy, which had been decapitated, became gradually corrupt and weakened, and finally proved its entire bankruptcy.

The Provisional Government formed in Russia after the first so-called "February" Revolution reestablished the Patriarchate; but Metropolitan Tikhon of Moscow was elected to the Patriarchal Throne just as the second "October" revolution broke out. The Russian Church was to face a long and tragic ordeal, and its life was paralyzed for many years. After Tikhon's death in 1923, no Patriarch was elected and Church affairs were placed in the hands of a *custodian* or *locum tenens*. It was only in September, 1943, that Marshal Stalin gave his approval to the election of a Patriarch and to the definite organization of ecclesiastical life in Russia. This organization is something entirely different from Russia's old ecclesiastical structure, in so far as Church and State are strictly separated. There is a lay administration of Church Affairs, formed of two branches: the Soviet Council on Greek Orthodox Church affairs and the Soviet Council of Affairs of Non-Orthodox Religious Cults. But the old prestige of the "White Klobuk" seems to dominate this bureaucratic machinery, giving the Russian Church today something of the dynamism it had in former days. Once more the Russian Patriarch, in the person of Alexis, who did so much for national defense in Russia, is the symbol of both religious and national strength. Once more the sermons of Russian prelates recall the appeal made three hundred years ago by Hermogen, and nearly six hundred years ago by Metropolitan Alexis and Saint Sergius.

But the Patriarchate today is not only active in the patriotic field. It is also reestablishing and reaffirming spiritual values which it has safeguarded throughout the years of revolutionary crisis. I have spoken at the beginning of the present article of the enduring forces of the Russian Church, preserving the essential truths of Christian faith and dogma, and the treasures of the Slavonic liturgy. Thanks to this instinct of self-preservation the Church has indeed remained a living body in Russia, and has maintained purity both of dogma and of tradition. This is why today it is able to resume its activity without any break in its historical and spiritual existence. Once more seminaries and theological schools are being opened in Russia; children will receive once more religious instruction. None of this would have been possible, had not the spirit remained alive. And there is also an artistic and architectural flowering in Russia today, linked to the restoration of religious monuments: cathedrals, churches, monasteries, some of them very precious, destroyed by the Germans. One may say that this represents in the realm of reconstruction one of the most popular movements in the USSR. Russia's best historians, architects and painters are contributing to it, as for instance in the restoration of Novgorod and its cathedral, turned into ruins by the Germans, and which is to be reconstructed according to ancient plans preserved in the Russian archives. The Soviet government is granting a special budget for this work of restoration as well as for the reconstruction of the religious monuments of Kiev. It would seem that never has the Russian Church been closer to the life of the nation, sharing both its sorrows, joys and hopes for a better postwar world. All this is in the line of Russia's historical development and as such, it is indeed deeply organic. When Soviet official newspapers recently published the Moscow Ecclesiastical Council's condemnation of godlessness, the statement was a significant landmark in this organic development, and a new victory over "troubled times."

The Stage & Screen

And Be My Love

WHILE it is very nice to have Walter Hampden back among us, and while it must be very nice for him to be playing an over-playing actor as he does in his present vehicle (a circumstance, naturally, in which all actors delight), it is necessary to tell you that Edward Caulfield's new comedy is not. It is endless, dreary, and without much evidence of taste. Having to do with a

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marriage bureau mixup—the protagonists are a middle-aged bachelor and a middle-aged lady scientist—the piece is set in a Connecticut landscape where every sort of marital relationship—trial, heardsaid, and legal—is projected for the benefit of the lady's relatives and friends. The ending is happiest of all perhaps for the house. Violet Heming, Lotus Robb and Esther Dale support Mr. Hampden as staunchly as possible, but I'm sure they would prefer you to see them some other time. (*At the National.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

It Grows

THE WONDER of it is that such a good movie was made from *"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."* Betty Smith packed into her sprawling, almost formless novel a plethora of incident that made the reader wander through a maze of episodes and details. A very large number of readers found this good wandering. Except for the sexy passages and the weak last section of the book that described Francie's young womanhood, readers reveled in nostalgia for their own city childhood of several decades ago. The film, although sentimental and at times overly weepy, has managed to capture the glowing essence and note of hope in Miss Smith's novel and to visualize family relationships in terms of first-rate cinema. This is not an arty movie, but it well represents cinema as an art.

Long is the list of those who deserve credit for the success of this account of tenement life: Louis D. Lighton for his splendid production in which an outstanding cast and realistic sets convincingly transport us to the Brooklyn of 1915; Leon Shamroy for his photography that sees things clearly without any attempt at prettifying the homely surroundings; Alfred Newman for his use of period music which sounds like music of the period rather than a 1945 adaptation; Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis for the fine script that required on their part patient editing, careful selection and skilful rewriting of anecdotes and details in Betty Smith's vast storehouse of material which included much that was vulgar along with brilliant comedy and some beautifully written prose; and, by no means least, Elia Kazan for his excellent direction that shows a keen understanding of the possibilities of cinema and how it can be used to reveal character. While some of the scenes are rather static and theatrical (this is Kazan's first directorial job for the movies), the whole moves exceedingly well; the characters, as well as the tree, develop and grow.

In a film like this, which is essentially a study in characterization and relationships, the cast is naturally of great importance. The cast for "A Tree," chosen with care, has responded beautifully to Kazan's direction and the demands of the story. Peggy Ann Garner is the absolute personification of Francie, the little girl whose great devotion to her father causes her many a heartache. Serious, sensitive Francie (torn by the two aspects of her personality: the methodical, inherited from her mother, which starts her on her plan to read all the books in the public library from A to Z, and the imaginative, inherited from her father, which sends her off into flights of fancy) learns many things during the short year covered by the

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film, but none more revolutionary than the fact that people in real life don't "live happy ever after." The love between Francie and her father is perhaps the most touching thing about the film. James Dunn's portrayal of lovable, irresponsible Johnny Nolan is haunting. This singing waiter, with all his Irish charm and promises that he means but never fulfills, becomes a victim of his own weakness. He drinks to forget that he is a failure—a failure at making money but not at attracting people to him. Dunn is excellent in his two big scenes: after Katie Nolan moves her family to the top floor to save money, heart-broken Johnny plays the piano and sings "Annie Laurie"; on Christmas Eve, when Johnny has just learned that there will soon be another baby and Francie must leave school, he realizes that Francie will presently see him through disillusioned eyes as an impractical dreamer; he leaves the house, never to return. It is the casting of Dorothy McGuire as Katie Nolan that provides one of the film's few disappointments. Not that this capable actress fails in her performance. She succeeds admirably in conveying her unhappiness over her lot, her determination to make something of her children, her rebellion at a life that is much more real than Johnny's promises for the future, her hatred of her own growing hardness that is in conflict with her love for Johnny, and her estrangement from Francie after Johnny's death. But Miss McGuire's face lacks the lines that this suffering mother should have; her voice is too cultured for a tenement scrubwoman who is embittered, but still determined to get ahead. No other miscasting mars "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Joan Blondell plays Aunt Sissy to perfection. The rôle has been toned down considerably, but Katie's sister is still the carefree and careless woman with the roving eye, a series of husbands named Bill, and more heart than discretion. Other examples of the film's expert choice of actors are seen in Ted Donaldson's portrayal of Neeley, the Nolans' practical-minded, ever hungry boy, Lloyd Nolan as Policeman McShane whose great respect for Katie leads to the beautiful proposal scene near the film's end, James Gleason as the saloon keeper whose devotion to Johnny prompts him to offer jobs to the Nolan kids after their father's death. Throughout his entire film, Director Kazan has paid attention to detail in acting and atmosphere.

It is just this care in all departments that makes me wonder how the film makers happened to neglect the religious side of these people. That they are Catholic is established by Katie's mother and by the priest officiating at Johnny's funeral. Surely such a family would have some evidence of religion in their home—perhaps a picture, perhaps a rosary in the effective child-birth scene. Surely they would go to church—perhaps during that Sunday episode or on Christmas Eve. This curious scarcity of things religious was also noticeable in Betty Smith's novel. What the film lacks in this respect, it tries to make up for in sentiment and in human warmth. Although the scriptwriters were judicious in eliminating the sex stuff from the novel, I wish they could have retained two of the book's best episodes: Johnny's fishing excursion with the children, and Sissy's effective handling of Johnny when he goes on his big drunk. They have however included other fine little touches from the original, such as the selling of junk, Francie in the library, Francie at school, the street row over the stolen skates and other bits that give the picture an authentic flavor all the way up to the graduation scene. The movie wisely comes to an end after the children's graduation and after Policeman McShane's proposal suggests a brighter future for the Nolans. Where the film succeeds best is just where the book succeeded: on its conclusive note that in spite of adversity people of strong character like Francie Nolan grow and fulfill their promise, just like the ailanthus that grows even in the cement and smoke of Brooklyn.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Thurber

FRANCIS DOWNING

TO SAY that James Thurber is unique in American letters is to utter a truism. To say that he is America's greatest humorist since Mark Twain is merely to record a fact.

Such a comparison, however, involves the revelation of changes in ourselves. For although Thurber's is a special and exclusive world, it is not wholly a world of his own making. A large part of his comedy is the slow exfoliation of dilemma. It deals with people who live in a world of mist, as if they were seeing objects through a rainy windshield. Thurber's comedy not only depends on this obfuscation both of sense and values. It is part of our own obfuscation. His comedy is disturbing, therefore, because whatever else it does it identifies his people with ourselves. No one living, surely, comes so close as he does to making the personally comic shake hands with the tragic. Because this bifocal vision is our own, Thurber

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is able to make the stumbling of his people the stumbling of ourselves. And since this is true, our laughter is not lonely laughter, and our temporary intimacy with his men and women has given easement to the burden of our souls.

The comic world which Mark Twain created depended sometimes on a phrase, more often on a situation. It is not especially concerned with the embarrassed kinship of tears and laughter. Twain's people are not agonized by sex, nor are they the uneasy votaries of the machine. Henry Adams, you remember, forswore the machine altogether, and stayed kneeling in the half-light before the Virgin. Twain's people are unaware of themselves—nor are they imprisoned in the *trauma* of psychological insecurity. Thurber's world is a complex world. It is baffling and bewildering. Existence is perilous, decision difficult and choice hardly invested with meaning.

I am not the first to point out that what Thurber has done is to endow this illogical world of ours with logic. And it is the discovery that we live, we manage to survive only to the extent that we run from this illogic that makes us part of Thurber's kin, and makes, for us, his humor.

I have said that Thurber's world was not one of his own making. It is an inherited world having its special nature, its uncertain contours, its mechanics, its own laws of gravity. It is as definable as the world of Swift, and Mr. Thurber moves in it, as do you and I, baffled, thwarted and defeated.

But as Thurber was growing up in this universe he accepted it. It was his elders who were the zanies. They found this new, mechanical world confusing and perilous. His mother was afraid that Victrolas would blow up. With the telephone she made a reluctant and an uneasy peace; but out of empty sockets, she feared, electricity invisibly dripped. Grandfather had escaped from mechanical monsters to the universe of hallucination. He was engaged in helping General Meade against retreat, desertion and disaster. His brother had quitted this unnatural life by catching the disease which killed the chestnut trees. Even servants were affected with madness. Dogs were dangerous and bit people—though they were sorry afterwards.

But the adult Thurber is equally alien to the world. Equally is he bemused, and equally is life beset with danger. He is at war with all the destructive forces of life. Of these the automobile is the great monster. It is as if Thurber had found that the automobile, king in a world of mechanics, reminds us that our lives are unnatural. For the automobile has an antic intelligence, a malicious but sensitive personality. It has the power of forgiveness and the power of revenge. It is forever about to take us into the cave of darkness. It is a creature of moods, and its most constant mood is petulance. It has crushed Thurber and he has surrendered to the enemy.

Yet, if the once safe contours of his life have lost their certainty, the policeman, the garage mechanic, some servants guard with sweet reasonableness the outer Thurber world and give some peace.

Over the inner world they have no magic, and Thurber has lost his talisman. He is afraid of getting lost and disappearing like Ambrose Bierce. He starts at the sounds rabbits make twisting in the bushes. Noises in the silent, small-houred kitchen. He is befuddled by servants in whose afternoon it is always brillig—like Della and Emma Inch. His hired man "hunts grotches in de voods," and thunder follows him like a dog. He torments Thurber's privacy, anointing him with abracadabra. In darkened streets Thurber is menaced by the feeling that he is being "softly followed by little men padding along in single file, about a foot and a half high, large-eyed and whiskered."

Much of Thurber's humor, it is clear, springs from personal dilemma. Through it is heard the sigh of loneliness. From it is glimpsed the poetic knowledge that all brightness falls from the air, roundness becomes angular, color and light fade, and growing in intimacy and understanding. Like Lincoln, James Thurber draws melancholy, and his humor is always touched with its damp hand. Indeed he is a bitter man. Nowhere is this bitterness more manifest than in his portraits of women. His women are belligerent, assertive, capturing and possessive. They are knowing, cruel, malicious, spiteful, omniscient and perverse. They are unfeminine and irrational. They are symbols of the acquisitive instinct—in fact they are the acquisitive instinct. Thurber knows that the war between the sexes is a continuing war. But he seems to think it is a lost battle in which men get married and are still, save for emergent spasms of revolt. On his drawings which sketch this war I will not comment. I simply refer you to the true and frightening classic called simply "House and Woman."

Thurber is trapped. It is true that there are moments of refuge in escape. In that wonderful story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," a Thurber Male is successfully in flight from the private war of reality. But Thurber knows that this is a thing of moment. He knows that there is no retreat. He has found out that even Conrad's Lord Jim could not run away: "The cloud of his special discomfiture followed him like a pup . . . there is no escape in the unplanned tangent, the sudden turn."

The Mystics

ANNE FREMANTLE

HERE IS a delightful, but also a maddening, book.* It is so full of solid spiritual nourishment that one hates to complain of the sloppiness of the serving: why, for example, should the same extract from Saint Augustine be translated in pseudo-verse on one page, entitled "What Do I Love," and in prose on another and called "The Love of God"? Why is there no indication of source, other than the name of the author—no hint of chapter and verse, except for the Bible, which is the one source with which most people are sufficiently familiar? Why the spotty use of Latin and Greek words in the headings? "The Eros of the Intellect" for example, which becomes faintly ludicrous in the section entitled "Sobria Ebrietas:

**The Soul Afire. Revelations of the Mystics. Edited by H. A. Reinhold. Pantheon.* $3.50.

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the Great Silence"? Why, when good, if not great, poets have translated the *Dies Irae,* the *Adoro Te,* and the *Urbs beata,* not use their renderings? It is ungracious to cavil and complain, when offered such a splendid banquet, but an anthology without an index (other than biographical notes) is like a restaurant where the food is good, but there are no menus!

One of the best things about the book is Father Reinhold's introduction, which should emphatically be read before this collection of extracts it prefaces is even dipped into. For in it the editor points out what his book is *not:* it is *not* a mere collection of mystical texts, *not* an anthology; it is *not* arranged to follow the three stages of purification, illumination, union; it is *not* a text-book or guide-book on the ways and methods of mysticism. Though the Bible is not "mystical in the modern sense," passages from it have been inserted throughout, with the object of showing that the God of Abraham is also the God of Maddalena de' Pazzi. What, then, is "The Soul Afire"? Its editor states: the book is "an attempt to sketch the outlines of mysticism acceptable to the Church." It is divided into five parts, and these again are broken down into many sub-headings, ending with a section entitled "in paradisum deducant te angeli."

The size of the extracts is highly commendable: there are real *chunks* of Eckhardt, Isaac of Nineveh, Augustine, Aquinas, Suso, the *Theologia Germanica,* etc., so that it is possible to get away from the feeling of "titbits" usually given by even the best anthologies—Margaret Osgood's lovely "City without Walls," for example. But it is a pity that just one extract is given of Rabindranath Tagore. He is the only Oriental non-Christian mystic cited, and it is unfair to him, and jarring to the reader to provide so minuscular a snippet of all the East has to offer. It is as though in a selection (such as Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of India and China") where great sections of the *Dhammapada,* the *Ramayana,* the *Gita,* occur, one were to come upon a poem (and that not the best or most representative) of Coventry Patmore!

There is much to be said, however, for a compendium of comparative mysticism, and Pantheon might well consider such a book. The extracts would not be signed, only numbered; the authors' names and the chapter and verse of the source would be reserved for the end of each section. For example,

> Attain to the goal of absolute vacuity
> Keep to the state of perfect peace
> Be humble and you will remain entire
> Be bent and you will remain straight
> Be vacant, and you will remain full
> Be worn, and you will remain new.[1]

could profitably be set alongside the extract given by Father Reinhold:

> In order to arrive at having pleasure in everything
> Desire to have pleasure in nothing.
> In order to arrive at possessing everything
> Desire to possess nothing.[2]

[1] The Tao Te' Ching.
[2] Saint John of the Cross.

Such an anthology could also, as Father Reinhold's is, be dedicated to M. Jacques Maritain, who has done so much to call Catholic attention to the Sufi, and also to the Indian mystics, in his "Degrees of Knowing" and elsewhere.

Father Reinhold is particularly happy in his selections on the Dark Nights, and the *Via Negativa:* his is probably the most comprehensive collection of sizeable extracts on what the great mystical writers have said on these subjects through the centuries. The general necessity for the Christian to experience the "nights" is admirably demonstrated, and raises again the problem of why the Oriental mystic seems to bypass them. The Christian explanation is that the Oriental never gets beyond the state of enjoying sensible consolations; that the entry to the "night" is only possible through the Redemption, through a participation in the Passion. The Oriental, on the contrary, says the "dark night" is only necessary to those who cling, anthropomorphically, to a personal God, or to the Person of God. He declares that he begins where the Christian breaks from the "nights" into the day of knowing where both reach the *Niet, Niet* that is beyond the Nights. It is possible that the central difference is not wholly contained in either of these explanation: that the agonies of the "nights" are caused by the fact that the personality of the creature must be destroyed, and sloughed, but must still continue to exist: and that there's the essential rub. At the end of the "nights," there must be left only enough of me to say Thou: but there must still be that much. Is not to slip into the cosmic current, to surrender to pantheism, one of the three great temptations of the spirit? The other two being Manichaeism, the seeing of evil as a reality separate from good, instead of as an absence, of good, and Prometheanism, the seeing of oneself as good, as having a separate goodness of one's own, derived, or wrested from God, but independent, and finally separate, from Him. The saint must become totally conscious of his whole structure, in order to exercise every part and possibility in his quest for Him who is within him, but not yet always with him (Maritain's distinction between "in him" and "with him" or "in Him and with Him," which he borrows from Augustine). And it is that ceaseless surrender that differentiates so clearly the Christian or the Muslim from the Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, etc. Is this not why the Church condemns the tendentially pantheistic Madame Guyon and Molinos, no less than the Manichaeism of Tolstoy, or the Promethean Kant?

The general emphasis on the fourfold way is interestingly apparent from this collection, whether, with Tauler, the stages are detachment, self-renunciation, the interior spirit and union with God, or are divided into Ruysbroek's and Teresa's slightly different enumeration. The verse-extracts from Angelus Silesius are a great "find," and are exquisite, and Yves of Paris is another well-represented, rarely translated author. The "horse-sense" of the saints is delightfully illustrated by such writers as Saint Francis de Sales. For example: "There is a great difference between the absence of a vice, and the possession of the contrary virtue" (and, indeed the whole of the

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extract entitled "aversions"). Saint Bernard: "He is not very annoyed to have fallen who remains prostrate in the mire." And William Faber on "Lukewarm Penitents" and, perhaps above all, Saint John of the Cross on "Spiritual Adulthood" and Saint Ignatius Loyola: "With a healthy body you will be able to do much, with a body unhealthy I do not know how much may be possible. A sound body helps greatly to do both much evil and much good."

One of the most perfect extracts of all, in its simplicity, is the unique "prayer of one very ill" by Marguerite Teilhard de Chardin; and the beauty of Helen Waddell's translations lift Alcuin and Radbod into literature. Cardinal Newman shows up amazingly well—it is strange to think of him holding his head up quite comfortably in such company as that of Saint Catherine of Siena and Cassian; and the economy of John Donne contrasts agreeably with the baroque richness of the several Saint Gertrudes.

This is a book which, once having dipped into, one cannot do or be without. It is not *hors d'oeuvres,* but rather resembles *smörgasbröd*—that wonderful Swedish selection of appetizers of which one can make a whole and most satisfying meal.

More Books of the Week

Tourist Under Fire. Thomas E. Healey. Holt. $3.00.

THOMAS HEALEY is not exactly a tourist. Nor an editorial writer for a well known London paper. Nor even a regular war correspondent. What he actually is shows pretty clearly in this book: a high-spirited adventurous Irish Australian with a shrewd and humorous glint in his eye, a detached but keen interest in all kinds of other human beings, and not too many inhibitions. He is fearless in the only true sense of being afraid but going through with what he has to do, with a fair share of fatalism. All that, against a haunting memory of being left in his London flat dead or dying, and his wife killed by a German bomb. When he came out of St. Bartholomew's Hospital shattered but more or less whole, he chose to find himself a fighting front and be in a battle. One can be a war correspondent of course without ever coming near a battle. That is a traditional procedure, and is perfectly well known within the profession itself. One has lived with them. One knows that. Nothing is easier than to sit tight against Headquarters and the censor's office and the telegraph station, and expand laconic meager military communiqués into readable articles.

What such a man as Healey saw was all the background of vast confusion, civilian and military ineptitude, terror, ruin and crime that accompanies displaced populations, the deep hatred of brother betrayed by brother, the boredom, the filth, the seeking for violent forgetfulness of inactive armed men; and the incredible gallantry of those same hopeless young men in action against overwhelming odds, without adequate top leadership. That is not a purely British picture. It was equally true of our own men, and of every other army and navy of the United Nations. By extraordinary good luck, obstinacy and violation of regulations, Healey finds himself at Pegu,

This Publishing Business

IF YOU WOULD LEARN TO WRITE, you must read masterpieces. So also if you would learn to read. That is one reason why we are reprinting Belloc's SONNETS AND VERSE and Claudel's SATIN SLIPPER. Masterpieces make masters. We could do with some masters.

SONNETS AND VERSE by HILAIRE BELLOC

In one epigram Belloc writes:

"I'm tired of Love: I'm still more tired of Rhyme
But Money gives me pleasure all the time."

He calls this "Fatigue"; but whatever fatigue Belloc-the-man feels Belloc-the-poet's fatigue is more vivid than another man's energy. Indeed it is this sense of enormous life that distinguishes him from all the forward looking poets of our day with their international reputations in Chelsea.

I am not so foolish as to try to "appreciate" Belloc's poetry. I could catalogue certain special notes of his excellence which will at the same time give the reader joy and make him into a better reader: as that even his mockery is poetry (a very exacting test this): that he does the shop-spoiled themes of wine and roses as Horace might have done them had he loved the Trinity and God Incarnate and Our Lady: that his ballade refrains are complete poems in themselves—like "The devil didn't like them and they died." What has the *writer* to learn from Belloc? The art of making words do the whole of their job. In a Belloc line there are no words working half-time, every word gives all it has to give.

THE SATIN SLIPPER by PAUL CLAUDEL

Too many Catholic novelists fail because they confuse their own function with God's. The Catholic as a Catholic has been taught that God is everywhere and that all things are overruled by Providence. But he sees the hand of Providence best when things fall out as he would have arranged them if he had been God! So that as a novelist the Catholic too often takes his little section of life, and instead of seeing Providence in it, he acts Providence to it. As you read you feel that the whole thing is being manoeuvred.

As against this the supreme model for the Catholic artist is Claudel's immense play THE SATIN SLIPPER. He has taken an enormous slab of life—Spain and its new world, lust and murder and worldly wisdom and sanctity, piracy and martyrdom—and he does not manoeuvre it one inch. He takes for his clue the Portuguese proverb "God writes straight with crooked lines:" and he amplifies this to read: "*All* things minister to a divine purpose and so to one another. Even the falterings of circumstance and the patternings of personality, *sin and falsehood,* are made to serve truth and justice, and above all salvation, in the long run." Claudel's huge success in so huge an enterprise makes THE SATIN SLIPPER the most influential Catholic work of art of this century and many before it. You will *have* to read the play at least twice, for you will be a little dazed the first time: and as it will take quite a long time to read, you may feel (heaven help you) that so many hours would be too much to devote to an experience so unconventional as that of feeling the wind of the Spirit blowing in the unruliest actions of men. —F. J. S.

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the high spot of the Burma campaign, surrounded and cut off by the advancing Japanese. He has part in the breakthrough of the motorized Hussars under heavy air-bombing and strafing with great casualties among those fierce hereditary warriors of the Indian army, Sikhs and Ghurkas, and does his first hand reporting before Military Intelligence had heard it; a report so colorful and accurate as to win Winston Churchill's commendation and public approval. Then came the turn back from the long dreary succession of withdrawals and the slow but sure recovery under Wavell's strategic direction and the tactical excellence of Sir Harold Alexander ("Alex" to his men); and the climax of Healey's story: back in Africa, from Alamein to Tripoli, again with "Alex," with "Monty" (Sir Bernard Montgomery), Rommel, and the commanding general of the Afrika Korps, General Ritter von Thoma. His story of "Monty's" relations with his men and with correspondents is fascinating. The simplicity with which he tells them what he is doing shows so clearly what has made him a great commander, for after all it is not only superiority of weapons and wisdom of strategy and tactics, but, more importantly the personal relationship between general, officers and the last not too bright enlisted man.

As an example, "Monty's" public comment, after dining and breakfasting next morning with General von Thoma: "I should think few generals had captured the enemy commander and discussed the battle with him while it was still in progress . . . it was a great piece of luck!" No wonder his men are with him.

So Healey comes back home to cover the invasion and Normandy. It is better than good reporting. It is a living picture.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Pioneers in World Order. Edited by Harriet Eager Davis. Columbia. $2.75.

"WORLD ORGANIZATION" is a term which quite unnecessarily frightens many Americans, particularly those who do not investigate to find out what the organizations have done, or how they work. Today public interest in the creation of a "general organization" for security, promised at the Moscow conference and outlined in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, is producing healthy discussion of such facts. Any American who thinks (a) that the League of Nations accomplished nothing or (b) that the subject of world organization is too technical for the average citizen is strongly urged to read this compact little book. The seventeen fellow-countrymen who contribute to its pages, all of them with practical experience in world affairs in and outside of the League organization, have weighed their judgments and presented them in simple, effective terms.

Although they have been and are admirers of the League's real achievements, most of these contributors believe that a new and stronger organization should take its place. The greatest value of their studies here is that they set forth those activities of the League which must be continued and built upon by any future organization, and also the methods by which the experience of past organizations can most effectively be used, without duplication of effort. For example, in his chapter on an international civil service, Dr. Frank G. Boudreau dwells upon the value of trained personnel in dealing with the technicalities of world conferences, and in keeping national standards high. In his chapter on international health work, he not only lists the past successes and present activities of League and other agencies in this field, but also explains what place this work must have in a future general organization. Other contributors use a similar method in chapters on the World Court and the ILO. The general reader as well as the business man will be interested in the chapters on world economic policy, double taxation and statistical standardization. In the light of what is happening in this war, the chapters on the drug trade, on the difficulties of providing for refugees and the problems of intellectual cooperation offer useful guides for the future. Huntington Gilchrist, in the course of an excellent chapter on dependent peoples and mandates, surveys the possible alternatives for administration of such areas after the war.

The foreword presents the general alternatives of world order. The authors carefully distinguish the rôle of the member states from the rôle of the central authority in past organization and the reader may see clearly how the smooth operation of both is necessary. Outstanding economic and political obstacles to League success appear in the discussion of disarmament, security, and the administration of the Saar. It is in this area of politics that the future world organization must improve upon past errors. The prospect is not rosy, but neither is it black.

ELIZABETH M. LYNSKEY.

The Chinese Labor Movement. Nym Wales. Day. $2.75.

CHINA has made a decision. It has been forced upon her by the rest of the world. She is to become one of the greatest industrial and also militarily strong nations of the world. Today she has thousands of young men studying industry and every manufacturing technique in this country. Therefore Nym Wales has made a timely and significant contribution in her book about the history of Chinese labor movements. As it reviews the past and present situation, the book also gives the base from which future labor and industrial struggles will develop in this great country of almost unlimited manpower and unexploited natural resources.

The "first and only" history of Chinese labor is divided into five stages. The four periods up to 1937 and the war with Japan are the most important. The present stage cannot be called normal; labor rights have retrogressed with more government controls because of the war pressures and inflation. At first the author points out that labor was welcomed as an ally by new political power. After the revolutions and the death of Sun Yat Sen, the "overlords," having used labor and communist tendencies to gain power, soon turned on labor, as a menace to their authority. They therefore overpowered with armies, imprisonment and slaughter the very people who originally gave them their power. Today labor is still "under the pall" in China. The "Unions" are completely government controlled and circumscribed with absolute limitations set by law.

The author brings out clearly that probably the freest labor is in the so-called "communist" territory of the northern front. The Chinese Industrial Cooperatives as a basic people's or labor movement and its future potentialities are clearly outlined.

Nym Wales, as always in her writings, shows that remarkable knowledge of leaders and movements born of living in China and having continuous contact with these persons and events. She manipulates Chinese names of generals, governors, labor leaders and others as easily as one tells of Murphys or Weinsteins in America. The

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source material is copious. The appendices, containing factual data and the stories of the lives of certain labor officials are most revealing. It is all interesting reading. Although the author says it is written essentially for labor people in America, it is surely also for the general reader who wants to know more about this potentially important and fast growing land of the East.

The author concludes: "The Chinese [labor] movement rose on a wave of the revolutionary activity and fell when the reaction came. It was defeated in its first attempt, as others also have been. Its present situation is dark but not without achievement. . . . As industrialization progresses in post-war China, the strength of labor must grow with it, and the achievement of 1920-1927 will not be forgotten."

A comment should be made, however, about the whole tone of the book. It favors communism and criticizes the present government and its officials; others would certainly look differently upon these things.

J. HENRY CARPENTER.

Full Employment in a Free Society. William H. Beveridge. Norton. $3.75.

DOCTOR HELEN MERRELL LYND reminds us in her latest book that "there is much in the England of the eighteen-eighties as compared with America in the nineteen-thirties and forties to lend support to the belief that changes in life and thought in England not infrequently preceded by about half a century similar changes in the United States." Historians are free to say that she has exaggerated the duration of this familiar lag, but I take it that few of them would care—or dare—to deny the substance of her casual, but ominous, *obiter dictum*. In the next edition of her book (and it richly deserves a second printing) she may want to insert a corroborating footnote to the effect that Henry Wallace and William Beveridge were rewarded somewhat differently in the middle forties for saying substantially the same thing about full employment on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Wallace was pilloried in public, and Mr. Beveridge —well, Mr. Beveridge, if you please, is now *Sir* William Beveridge. Something, I submit, for American reactionaries and/or Anglo-phobes to think about.

In future Congressional hearings Mr. Wallace and the sponsors of the Murray "Full Employment" Bill need only refer their inquisitors to the appropriate chapter and verse in "Full Employment in a Free Society." If they can't find the answers between the covers of this extraordinarily profound and important book, the rest of us presumably would be wasting our time in pursuing the discussion with them any further. What Sir William did two years ago to clear the air in the continuing controversy over social security he has now done even more successfully in controversy over the much more important and more fundamental problem of full employment. And, happily, he has done it with such a gratifying absence of professional jargon and with such a felicity and ease of style that the layman no longer has a valid excuse for remaining in ignorance about the principal trends in current economic thought.

As you might expect, the misgivings even of Beveridge's admirers—at least my misgivings—about his program for full employment are the same in kind as those about his plan for social security. In spite of myself I still have a certain vague, but disquieting, feeling that he has not yet

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hit upon a perfectly satisfactory formula for the delicate balancing of security and freedom.

But first of all—what is his formula for full employment *in a free society?* "The central proposition of this Report," he says, "is that the responsibility of ensuring at all times outlay sufficient in total to employ all the available manpower in Britain should formally be placed by the people of Britain upon the State. That first and foremost is what is meant by adopting a national policy of full employment." The State is to carry out this unprecedented mandate by adopting a new type of budget—a budget of total national expenditure, public and private, rather than one confined merely to the fiscal operations of the Treasury. Since the central weakness of the unplanned market economy is a chronic deficiency of effective demand (and not, as a less realistic analysis has long been saying, *fluctuation of demand*), the State, being guided by this new type of budget, would adopt a compensatory spending policy—even, if necessary, up to the point of spending more than it takes away from its citizens by taxation. In addition, the State would assume the responsibility of directing the demand for labor, of organizing the labor market, and of assisting the supply of labor to move in accord with demand. This program, Beveridge insists, could be carried out just as effectively in a "United States which remained capitalist as in a Soviet Russia which was wholly collectivized or in a Britain which took a middle course."

The foregoing is a totally inadequate summary of one of the most comprehensive studies of the employment problem ever to be published in the English language. It must be read, and preferably re-read, to be understood and appreciated fully.

Meantime, while all of us are busy mastering the rich details of the complete program, appendices and all, we can plunge into what is certain to be a prolonged debate about Beveridge's philosophy of the State. Theoretically, his philosophy of the State is perilously like a plagiarism on Pius XI's so-called "principle of subsidiarity." "The underlying principle of the Report," he writes, "is to propose for the State only those things which the State alone can do or which it can do better than any local authority or than private citizens either singly or in association, and to leave to these other agencies that which, if they will, they can do as well as or better than the State."

So far, so good. But when Beveridge says later on that "the essence of democracy is effective means of changing the Government without shooting," I suspect that he is still equating political democracy with economic democracy. The ballot box may be enough to protect and preserve the former, but it is significant that the CIO-PAC, for example, is urging its constituents to use the ballot box largely as a means to an end which is much broader in its scope than the mere preservation of political democracy. Within the past few weeks, in its "Reemployment Plan," it has vigorously reaffirmed its demand for a system of Industry Councils which would broaden, if not revolutionize, the meaning of democracy: "There must be teamwork on the part of labor, industry and government in organizing production around an overall national plan and competent industry plans. This principle is to be applied by establishing a National Production Board and Industry Councils, composed of representatives of management and labor with government chairmen."

There is a note of hard-headed realism in the above quotation which I have failed to find, even on a second

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reading, in Beveridge's otherwise remarkable treatise. (*P.S.* Any similarity between the foregoing criticism and the attitude of the NAM *et al* toward "freedom" is purely coincidental and is herewith disavowed.)

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Troubled Midnight. John Gunther. Harper. $2.50.

READING John Gunther's "inside" books led a certain number of us to suspect the author of being superficial—and pretentious to boot. He now presents us with a novel which almost leads one to believe that he has deliberately chosen to confirm our suspicions. "The Troubled Midnight" reveals Mr. Gunther as a sententious dope. If this slang is not clear, let me restate the proposition. Mr. Gunther betrays himself in his current book as being an incredible mixture of cant (he wants us all to know that he is *so, so modern*), sentimentality (all his emotions are major emotions) and sententiousness. The latter quality is the most marked of all. One of Mr. Gunther's characters—the wife of the American Ambassador to Turkey, where the story is laid—is viewed as a woman of magnificent wisdom, largely because she at one point remarks: "The secret of good fortune is the power to grasp it." That such guff should be dished up as betokening anything more than an ability to remember proverbs almost passes belief.

Needless to say there is quite a bit of what can best be described as automatic sex in "The Troubled Midnight." The characters are both strangely pure and strangely impure, and we fail to recognize in them any of our own humanity. What is it which irresistibly leads newspapermen to want to be novelists? The urge must be very strong. In Mr. Gunther's case, it is a downright drag, since this is his second "first novel." His first—now seemingly forgotten by everyone including himself—was published in 1927 and was called "The Red Pavilion." For this information I am indebted to Mr. Christopher Morley, who assures me that the *first* first novel was something awful too.

Of course the other reviewers have all picked up what must certainly be a new high in similes. But in case you missed the other reviews, I pass it on to you. Mr. Gunther describes his beautiful heroine's eyes as being "the color of strong coffee lifted out of the cup in a silver spoon."

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Inner Forum

"Behold a Great Priest . . ."

TWICE during the past several months this column has been devoted to our Catholic citizens of Ukrainian origin. And it would not be fitting to pass over in silence the death of the Metropolitan Szepticky; the less so as in our issue of October 8, 1930, we published a translation of an article by him which is perhaps still the best short statement of the religious differences between the Catholic West and the Orthodox East.

In 1900, at the age of thirty-five, Andrew Szepticky was appointed Archbishop of Lviv (Lwow, Lvov, Lemberg, Leopol) and metropolitan of Halich (Galich); he thus became the chief hierarch of those many Catholic

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Ukrainians, of the Slav-Byzantine rite, who live in what was then Austrian Poland. As time went by his influence spread further; he was recognized as the moral leader of Catholic Ukrainians everywhere, the Rusins of the Podkarpatska Rus looked up to him with love and respect, some Orthodox Ukrainians and even Russians came under his spell—the spell of goodness, gentleness, sincerity and fearlessness. When, after internment in Russia during World War I, the Polish government objected to his influence in Lviv, the Holy See sent him on a visitation of the Ukrainians of the United States and Canada; and people sought his spiritual counsel from as far away as France and Holland and England.

If, as seems likely, Soviet Russia is enabled to carry out her designs in eastern Poland, the Metropolitan Andrew's death will almost certainly mark the end of an epoch for the Polish Ukrainians religiously. This epoch began with the Union of Brest-Litovsky in 1595 and the martyrdom of the bishop of Polotsk, Saint Josaphat Kuntsevich, in 1623; it may be said to end (if it does end) with another martyr. In the *Eastern Churches Quarterly* (Catholic Near East Welfare Association, New York) for the last quarter of last year an intimate account of the metropolitan tells us that he humbly aspired to martyrdom. And in a real sense the last thirty of his eighty years of life were one long martyrdom; persecuted and opposed first by the Russian and then by the Polish government from 1914 to 1923; the great works of the following constructive years thrown down and trampled on when the Soviet army entered Lviv in 1939 and imprisoned him in his house; then the Nazis, and then the Russians again; the grinding sufferings of his children and neighbors, Ukrainians and Poles; and his own personal ill-health, which became almost complete physical paralysis and continued pain. But his great mind and great spirit never failed.

If during the coming years the Ukrainians of Poland (and maybe the Rusins of Czechoslovakia too) are driven into the catacombs, or, in the tsarist model, forcibly aggregated to a Russian Orthodox Church chained to the wheels of the Soviet state, *if* these things happen, then the chief free Ukrainians left will be those in the United States. May they then be inspired by the example and memory of him whom men called "The Father Metropolitan." And, if an "outsider" may express an opinion, one of the best tributes to that memory would be the establishment in America of those Studite monks founded in 1906 by Andrew Szepicky for the renewal of traditional Slavonic monasticism in the Catholic Church.

DONALD ATTWATER.

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